



-SONNET LXI I.

“!E ! fie, fierce Tyrant! ^r Quench this
furious rage! O quench this rageous fury, little
god ! Nay, mighty god ! my fury's heat assuage
! Nor are thine, little darts, nor brittle rod !
Ah, that thou hadst a sweet recuring dart! Or
such a rod, as into health might whip me!
With this, to level at my troubled heart; To
warn with scourge, that no bright eye might
trip me!" Vain words, which vanish with the
clouds, why speak I ! And bootless options,
builded with void air! How oft, enraged in
hopeless Passions, break I! How oft, in false
vain hope, and blank despair ! How oft, left
lifeless at thy cloudy frown ! How oft₅ in Passion
mounted, and plucked down!

MADRIGAL 13,


|OFT, lovely, rose-like lips, conjoined with
mine !
Breathing out precious incense such !
(Such as, at Paphos, smoke to VENUS' shrine)
Making my lips immortal, with their touch ! My
cheeks, with touch of thy soft cheeks divine ;
Thy soft warm cheeks, which VENUS favours
much!
Those arms, such arms ! which me
embraced, Me, with immortal cincture
girding round
Of everlasting bliss! then bound
With her enfolded thighs in mine
entangled;
And both in one self-soul placed, Made a
hermaphrodite, with pleasures ravished!
There, heat for heat's, soul for soul's empire
wrangled | Why died not I, with love so largely
lavished ? For 'wake (not finding truth of
dreams before) It secret vexeth ten times more
!